DARK HORSE COMICS
THE SHADOW and DOC SAVAGE 1 OF 2
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THE Shadow and DOC SAVAGE
Inside! The PERIL-PACKED CASE OF THE SHRIEKING SKELETONS!
featuring
STEVE VANCE
STAN MANOUKIAN
VINCE ROUCHER

THE Shadow and DOC SAVAGE

THE CASE OF THE SHRIEKING SKELETONS

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The Shadow and Doc Savage #1 (of 2), July 1995. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, OR 97222.

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PRINTED IN CANADA

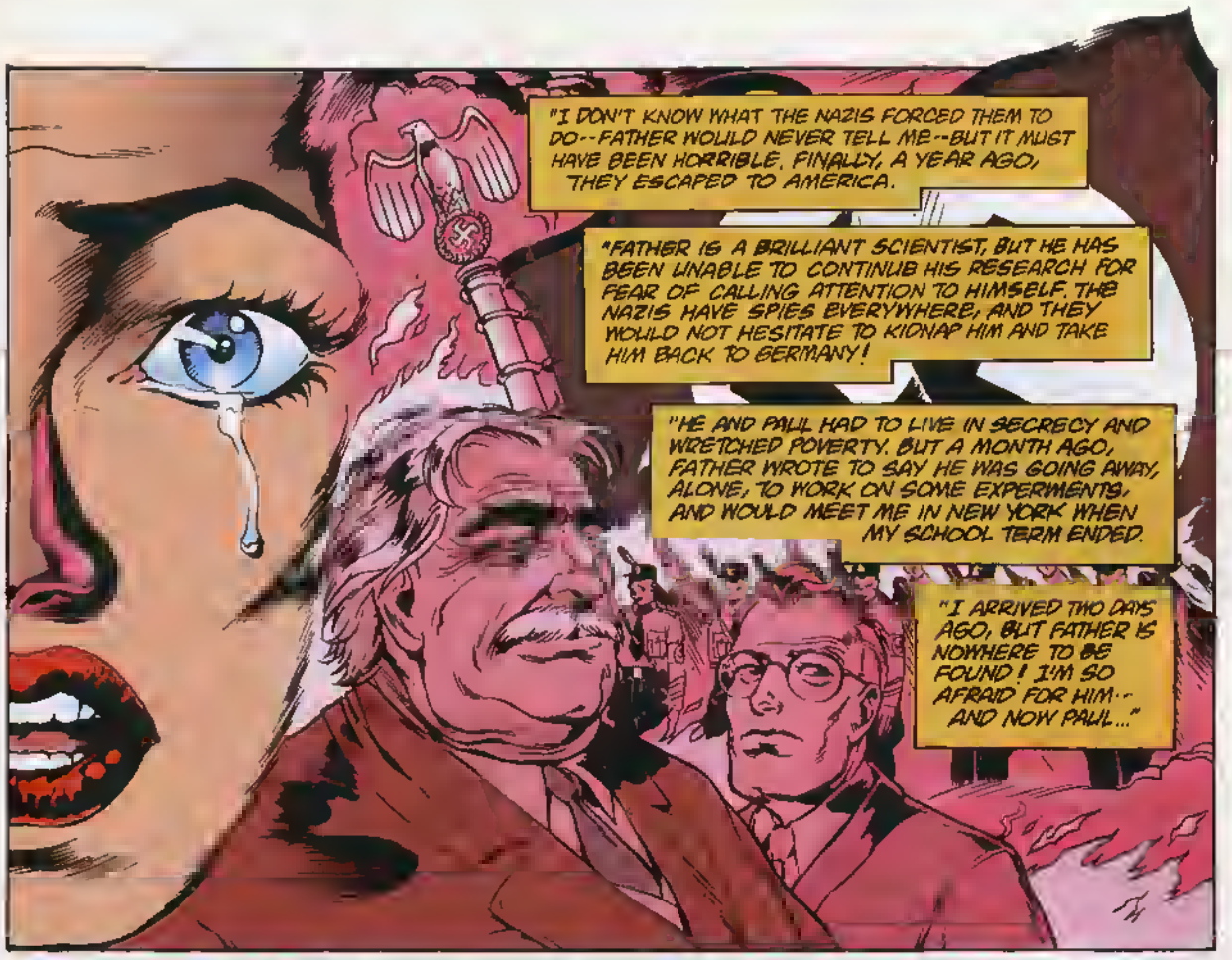
THE STENCH OF DECAY FILLS THIS BOWERY ALLEY, CLUTCHING AT BERNICE RBIN-STEIN'S NOSTRILS LIKE THESE GIB-BERING SKELETAL CREATURES CLUTCH AT HER CLOTHES.
"SCREAM!" A VOICE IN HER MIND COMMANDS. "SCREAM LOUD ENOUGH, MAYBE YOU'LL WAKE UP!"
EEEEE!!
GLARRRR!
BUT THIS IS NO DREAM.
KLEEHEEHEE!

YAARRAAL!
GRRAAHAHAHA!
RUN, BERNIE! RUN!
PAUL!
GO! =MMURF= HURRY!
NO! I CAN'T LEAVE YOU!
BOK
I'LL =ULK= BE OKAY! JUST =HUNH= RUN!
OH, PAUL! I--I'LL GET HELP!
SNEERRLL!
I THINK I'VE LOST THEM!
DEAR LORD, WHAT ARE THOSE TERRIBLE CREATURES--AND WHY DID THEY ATTACK PAUL?
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING IF IT ISN'T ALREADY--
YAAAH!
--TOO LATE!

SOON...
: GRUMBLE GRUMBLE?...
...MONSTER-MEN--CRIPES! BET NONE O' THEM COULD GO THREE ROUNDS WITH--
T-TAXI?
New York CLASSIC
MAY 6, 1937
MONSTER-MEN STRIKE AGA
LED BY MASKED MYSTERY MAN, GOLIATHS SLAY TWO IN BIZARRE HEIST! POLICE BAFFLED!
SORRY, LADY. I'M WAITIN' FOR A-- HUH?!
PLEASE --I NEED HELP!
I GUESS YOU DO AT THAT! HOP IN!
SO--WHERE TO?
I--I'M NOT SURE. THERE IS A MAN--A FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S. FATHER TOLD ME I COULD CALL ON THIS MAN FOR HELP, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM.
IT'S A BIG CITY--THIS GUY HAVE A NAME?
YES... DR. CLARK SAVAGE, JR. MY FA--
and if you need any help while you are in New York, call upon my old friend, Dr. Savage, Jr.
WHA--?! SISTER, YOU MUST BE IN ONE HECK OF A FIX IF YOU NEED TO SEE HIM! THAT'S...

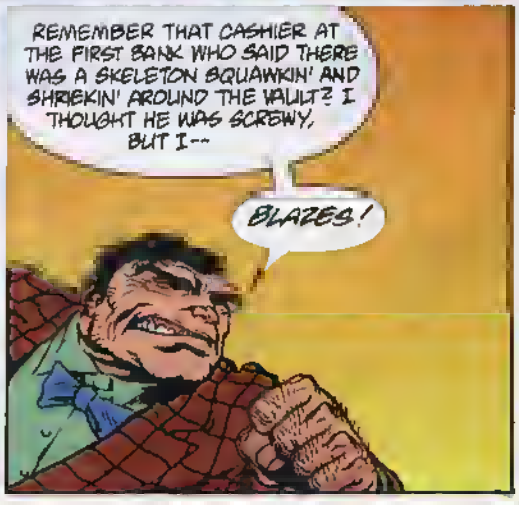
"...DOC SAVAGE, THE MAN OF BRONZE!
"AT LEAST WE WON'T HAVE TROUBLE FINDING HIM--EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM 'N' HIS ASSISTANTS HANG THEIR HATS ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE TALLEST BUILDING IN TOWN.
"HE'S A SCIENTIST, A SURGEON--BUT HE SPENDS HIS TIME HELPING FOLKS AND RIGHTING WRONGS--JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT! THEY SAY HE'S THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.
"ME, I FIGURE HE'S GOTTA BE OVERRATED."
HEY, DOC--YEOW!
IT MAKES ME TIRED JUST WATCHIN' YOU DO THEM EXERCISES! ANYWAY, WHEN YOU'RE DONE, WE'VE GOT A VISITOR.
LET ME GUESS, MONK--YOUNG, FEMALE...
...AND ATTRACTIVE.
GEE, I DUNNO WHERE YOU GOT THAT IDEA, DOC...
...BUT NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, SHE'S A PIP!
I THOUGHT AS MUCH. I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MOMENT.
HERE YOU ARE, MISS REINSTEIN.
WHY, THANK YOU, GENERAL BROOKS. AND PLEASE, CALL ME BERNIE.
WITH PLEASURE. MY FRIENDS CALL ME "HAM"--
'CEPT YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS, Y'BLASTED SHYSTER! YOU KNEW I WAS GONNA GET MY RAINCOAT T' GIVE THE LADY!

LISTEN, YOU MISTAKE OF NATURE! I'M TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN TO ALLOW A LADY TO GET NEAR THAT FLEA-INFESTED HORSE BLANKET YOU CALL A RAINCOAT!
THE ONLY THING YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF IS SOMETHIN' I CAN'T SAY IN FRONT OF A LADY, YOU DANG AMBULANCE CHASER!
MR. BROOKS! MR. MAYFAIR! PLEASE! I ONLY--
DON'T WORRY, MISS...
...THEY BEHAVE THIS WAY CONSTANTLY-- AND THEY HAVEN'T KILLED EACH OTHER YET.
MONK, HAM-- PERHAPS WE CAN FIND A MORE PRODUCTIVE WAY TO HELP THE YOUNG LADY.
MOMENTS LATER...
I MET YOUR FATHER WHEN HE PRESENTED A BRILLIANT PAPER ON HIS GENETIC RESEARCH AT A CONFERENCE IN EUROPE SOME YEARS AGO. HOW IS HE?
I--I DON'T KNOW. YOU SEE, THAT'S PART OF THE REASON I CAME TO YOU FOR HELP... SIGH! I'D BETTER START AT THE BEGINNING...
AFTER MY MOTHER DIED, MY FATHER SENT ME HERE FROM GERMANY TO FINISH MY EDUCATION. NOW I TEACH AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN VERMONT.
SHIRLEY TEMPL
HER FRANK MORGAN STEPIN
SOON AFTER I LEFT GERMANY, THE NAZIS SEIZED POWER. THEY FORCED MY FATHER AND PAUL TO WORK FOR THEM.
PAUL?
PAUL VEIDT IS MY FATHER'S ASSISTANT, AND, WELL...EVER SINCE I WAS A YOUNG GIRL, HE'S BEEN SORT OF MY UNOFFICIAL FIANCÉ.


"I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE NAZIS FORCED THEM TO DO--FATHER WOULD NEVER TELL ME--BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN HORRIBLE. FINALLY, A YEAR AGO, THEY ESCAPED TO AMERICA.
"FATHER IS A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, BUT HE HAS BEEN UNABLE TO CONTINUE HIS RESEARCH FOR FEAR OF CALLING ATTENTION TO HIMSELF. THE NAZIS HAVE SPIES EVERYWHERE, AND THEY WOULD NOT HESITATE TO KIDNAP HIM AND TAKE HIM BACK TO GERMANY!
"HE AND PAUL HAD TO LIVE IN SECRECY AND WRETCHED POVERTY. BUT A MONTH AGO, FATHER WROTE TO SAY HE WAS GOING AWAY, ALONE, TO WORK ON SOME EXPERIMENTS, AND WOULD MEET ME IN NEW YORK WHEN MY SCHOOL TERM ENDED.
"I ARRIVED TWO DAYS AGO, BUT FATHER IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND! I'M SO AFRAID FOR HIM··· AND NOW PAUL..."

THIS IS THE CORNER WHERE PAUL AND I WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET. HE WAS GOING TO HELP ME LOOK FOR FATHER.
I WAS WAITING THERE WHEN I HEARD NOISES IN THAT ALLEY, AND FOUND PAUL IN THE CLUTCHES OF THOSE HORRIBLE--THINGS!

SAY, DOC--MAYBE THESE SKELETON GUYS ARE TIED INTA THEM MONSTER-MEN HEISTS WE BEEN HEARIN' ABOUT!


REMEMBER THAT CASHIER AT THE FIRST BANK WHO SAID THERE WAS A SKELETON SQUAWKIN' AND SHRIEKIN' AROUND THE VAULT? I THOUGHT HE WAS SCREWY, BUT I--
BLAZES!

ONE THING'S FOR SURE--THIS BUSINESS IS NO GAG.
YOU MAY NOT WANT TO WATCH, BERNIE.
WHY? WH-WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?
DOC'S GOING TO EXAMINE THE BODY--TISSUE SAMPLES AND THE LIKE.
WHAT'S THAT SOUND? SOME STRANGE BIRD?
IT'S DOC--HE'S FOUND SOMETHING!
I SUSPECT WE'LL FIND FURTHER INFORMATION NEARBY. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND.
SOON...
:GASP! ANOTHER ONE!
DO YOU THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION WITH THIS WAREHOUSE, DOC?
INSTEAD A' STANDIN' AROUND LIKE A DRESSMAKER'S DUMMY, LET'S FIND OUT.

YEOW! THIS JOINT MAKES DRACULA'S CASTLE LOOK DOWNRIGHT COZY. THEM SKELETONS WOULDA BEEN RIGHT AT HOME IN HERE.
IT APPEARS THAT NO ONE HAS BEEN IN HERE FOR SOME TIME.
ON THE CONTRARY, HAM-- JUDGING FROM THESE TRACKS IN THE DUST, IT APPEARS THAT SOMETHING RATHER LARGE WAS MOVED OUT QUITE RECENTLY.
I WAS AFRAID WE WOULD FIND PAUL DEAD. BUT NOT FINDING HIM AT ALL--I FEAR THE WORST!
TRY NOT TO WORRY. IF ANYONE CAN SOLVE THIS THING, IT'S DOC.
SAY, WHOEVER CLEARED OUTTA HERE, WE DIDN'T MISS 'EM BY MUCH! THIS STUFF THEY SPILLED EVAPORATES FAST--THEY CAN'T HAVE BEEN GONE FOR MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR!
HEY--THEY AIN'T EVEN ALL THE WAY GONE!

THERE HE GOES!
HOLD IT, BUB! YOU 'N' ME IS GONNA HAVE A LITTLE CHAT!

WAIT FOR ME, YOU MISSING LINK!

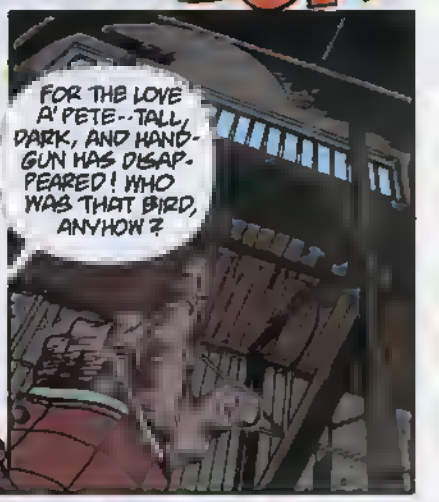
LET'S SEE WHO WE--

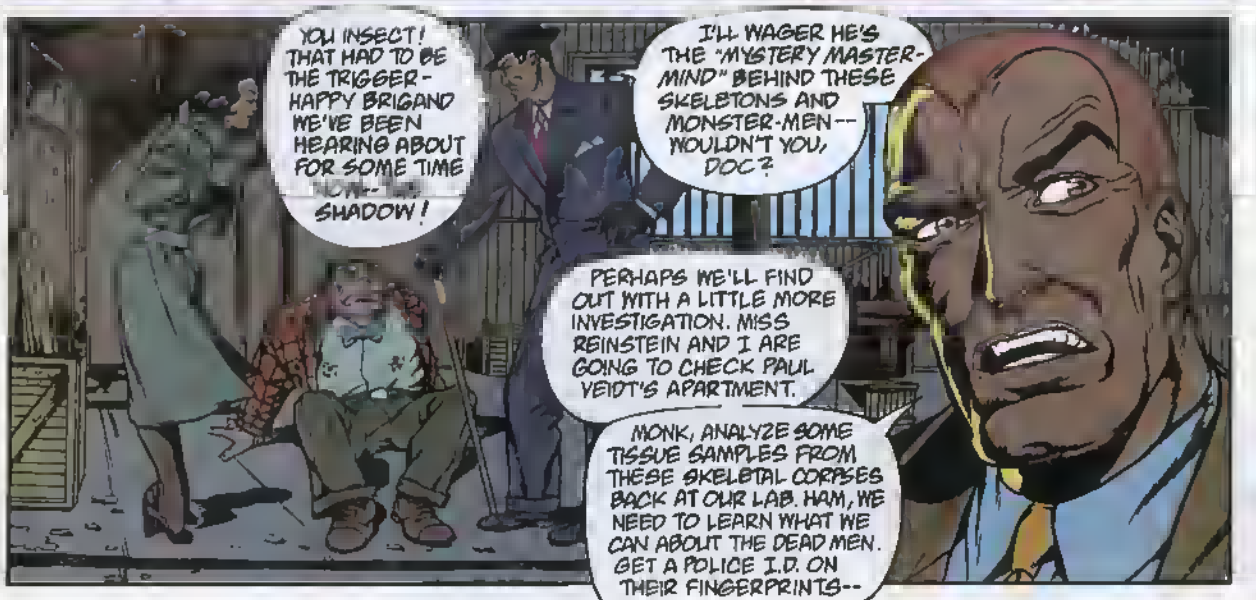
YEEOOOW!!

MONK!

BOM

GOOD HEAVENS! ARE YOU--?
DON'T WORRY, DOLL--I'M BULLETPROOF! ME 'N' DOC MADE THESE LONG JOHNS OURSELVES!
HMPH! NEXT TIME I HOPE THEY BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT--THOUGH IT WOULD TAKE A CRACK SHOT TO HIT A TARGET THAT SMALL!

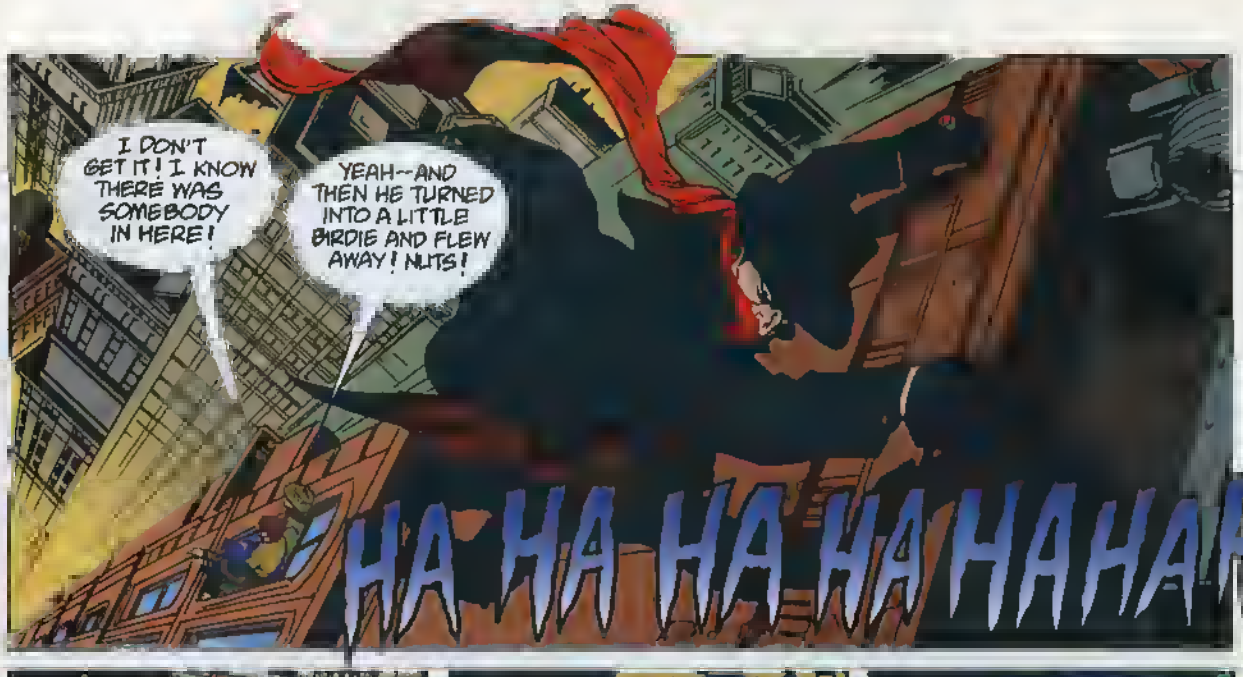

FOR THE LOVE A' PETE--TALL, DARK, AND HANDGUN HAS DISAPPEARED! WHO WAS THAT BIRD, ANYHOW?

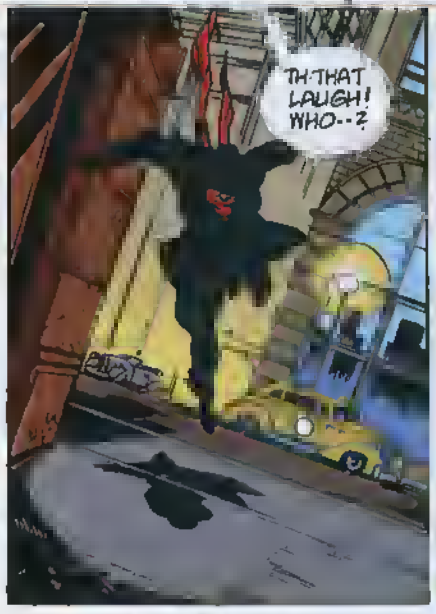

YOU INSECT! THAT HAD TO BE THE TRIGGER-HAPPY BRIGAND WE'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT FOR SOME TIME NOW--THE SHADOW!
I'LL WAGER HE'S THE "MYSTERY MASTERMIND" BEHIND THESE SKELETONS AND MONSTER-MEN--WOULDN'T YOU, DOC?
PERHAPS WE'LL FIND OUT WITH A LITTLE MORE INVESTIGATION. MISS REINSTEIN AND I ARE GOING TO CHECK PAUL VEIDT'S APARTMENT.
MONK, ANALYZE SOME TISSUE SAMPLES FROM THESE SKELETAL CORPSES BACK AT OUR LAB. HAM, WE NEED TO LEARN WHAT WE CAN ABOUT THE DEAD MEN. GET A POLICE I.D. ON THEIR FINGERPRINTS--

"--IT MIGHT HELP IF YOU SPOKE TO COMMISSIONER WESTON AND ASKED HIM TO PERSONALLY RUSH THE JOB."
COBALT CLUB
WHY, IF IT ISN'T THEODORE MARLEY BROOKS, ESQUIRE! HAVE A SEAT, COUNSELOR!
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LINGER, COMMISSIONER. I HAVE SOME FINGER-PRINTS THAT WE NEED IDENTIFIED--YESTERDAY, IF POSSIBLE.
YOU MUST BE IN A HURRY--YOU DIDN'T EVEN STOP TO PUT ON YOUR DINNER JACKET. I'LL HAVE THE BOYS SEE TO IT POSTHASTE--ALWAYS HAPPY TO OBLIGE YOU AND DOC SAVAGE.
THANKS, COMMISSIONER. THIS ONE COULD PAY OFF RATHER HANDSOMELY--I SUSPECT THESE PRINTS MAY HELP US NAB THE SHADOW!
THE SHADOW?! PISH-POSH! THERE'S NO SUCH CREATURE--HE'S JUST SOME CHEAP THUG'S OPIUM DREAM.
I BEG TO DIFFER--YOU SEE, WE SAW HIM TODAY. I SUSPECT HE'S BEHIND THESE "MONSTER-MEN" HEISTS--AND YOU CAN BE CERTAIN THAT DOC SAVAGE WILL BRING HIM TO JUSTICE.
THE SHADOW--"MONSTER-MEN"--WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF ALL THIS?
I SAY, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TWO. HAM BROOKS, MEET...
...LAMONT CRANSTON.
DO YOU THINK THE SHADOW IS REAL, LAMONT?
I THINK THERE ARE A FEW SHADOWS IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE, eh, MR. BROOKS?

...WE'LL RING YOU AS SOON AS WE'VE GOT RESULTS ON THESE PRINTS, HAM.
THANKS, COMMISSIONER.
IT WAS A PLEASURE MEETING YOU, CRANSTON. I HOPE I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOON.
YOU MAY RELY ON IT, MR. BROOKS.
CLUB
WE MUST HURRY, SHREVVY. THIS BUSINESS HAS TAKEN A NEW TURN.
THERE IS AN IMPORTANT MEETING TO ATTEND. TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE...
...AND THE SHADOW MUST NOT BE LATE!
...LATE, I TELL YA! HE SHOULDA BEEN HERE AGES AGO!
RELAX, WILL YA! YER GIVIN' ME THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES.
HELLO, FENSTER--HOPS.
WHERE YA BEEN, PERK? I WAS GETTIN' READY T'--
YEAH, GLAD YOU MADE IT. HOPS HERE HAS BEEN JUMPIN' AT HIS OWN SHADOW!

LISTEN UP, BOYS. IT'S BEEN A BUSY DAY, AND IT'S GETTING BUSIER.
THERE'S A GENT FLYING IN FROM EUROPE TONIGHT. HE COULD MAKE TROUBLE FOR THE BOSS. YOU GOTTA MEET HIM AT THE AIRFIELD AND PUT THE BAG ON HIM.
AFTER YOU GRAB HIM--EH? WHAT'S WITH YOU?
?!
I--I HEARD SOMETHIN'--SOMEBODY IN...
...THERE!
I'LL BE DAMNED. I'D SWEAR THAT DOOR WAS CLOSED WHEN I CAME IN.
EMPTY! WHAT THE HELL--?!
THE WINDOW!


I DON'T GET IT! I KNOW THERE WAS SOMEBODY IN HERE!
YEAH--AND THEN HE TURNED INTO A LITTLE BIRDIE AND FLEW AWAY! NUTS!
HA HA HA HA HAHA H


TH-THAT LAUGH! WHO--?

TO THE AUTO-GYRO--THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE.

BURBANK, CONTACT HARRY VINCENT AND HAVE HIM MEET US AT THE HANGAR IMMEDIATELY.
RIGHT, CHIEF.

YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, SHREVVY --I SHALL SEE YOU SOON.
LET'S GO, HARRY.

GOOD HUNTING, BOSS.

ELSEWHERE...
WHY ARE WE STOPPING HERE? PAUL'S APARTMENT IS AROUND THE CORNER--THE SECOND BUILDING.
YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE. THE CAR IS ARMORED, AND THE WINDOWS ARE PROOF AGAINST ANYTHING SHORT OF A CANNON. JUST KEEP THE DOORS LOCKED UNTIL I RETURN.
B-BUT...
GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF, BERNIE. WITH DOC SAVAGE ON YOUR SIDE, THERE'S NOTHING--
BERNIE?
PAUL?!
PAUL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
BERNIE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I CAME HERE WITH DOC SAVAGE! HE'S GONE TO YOUR APARTMENT TO--
DOC SAVAGE--HERE?!
HE'S IN TERRIBLE DANGER! WE MUST WARN HIM!
PAUL, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THOSE SKELETON MEN?
SHH! I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT LATER.
THUNK
PAUL...?
MMMPH!

AIRSHIP ARRIVAL MARKS START OF YEAR'S TRANS-ATLANTIC SEASON
DOC'S EERIE TRILLING FILLS THE ROOM AS HE STUDIES THE CLIPPING FROM THE MORNING PAPER.
WITH SEEMINGLY RECKLESS SPEED, DOC RETRACES HIS PATH...
...BUT HE ARRIVES TOO LATE.
AFTER A RAPID SEARCH OF THE AREA PROVES FRUITLESS, DOC RETURNS TO HIS CAR, HOPING HIS AIDES' EFFORTS HAVE YIELDED QUICKER RESULTS.
MONK, THIS IS DOC. COME IN, MONK. MONK, DO YOU READ ME?
DOC CALLING HAM. DO YOU READ ME, HAM?
"HAM?"
Hmmm... I WONDER IF I HAVE TIME TO GO CHANGE INTO EVENING CLOTHES BEFORE WE..
HOWLIN' CALAMITIES!
KRAAASH
WHAT HAVE YOU BLOWN UP THIS TIME, YOU HAIRY--?!
MONK!

GRRRAARRR!
KRRROOARL!
UNHAND HIM, YOU GARGANTUAS!
KRAK
BUTT OUT, YOU BLASTED CLOTHES HORSE! THIS IS MY FIGHT!
YOU UNGRATEFUL SIMIAN! IS THAT THE THANKS I GET FOR COMING TO YOUR RESCUE?
BLAST! THE ANESTHETIC ON MY SWORD-CANE HAS NO EFFECT ON THIS CREATURE. YOU MUST HAVE CONCOCTED A DEFECTIVE BATCH! IT WOULD SERVE YOU RIGHT!
MONK!
BOK

MEANWHILE...
LOWER THE LADDER, HARRY--
--OUR TARGET IS IN SIGHT!
D-LZ129
DESPITE BUFFETING WINDS, THE SHADOW MOVES EASILY ACROSS THE RAIN-SLICK FABRIC SKIN OF THE GREAT AIRSHIP.
AN OUTER HATCH LEADS TO A SERVICE LADDER AND A VERTIGINOUS DESCENT BETWEEN THE SHIP'S HUGE GAS BAGS.
SILENT AND UNSEEN, THE SHADOW SEARCHES THE PASSENGER COMPARTMENT UNTIL HE LOCATES HIS TARGET--
--A STATEROOM GUARDED BY TWO NAZI SOLDIERS.

MONK? HAM?
DOC SAVAGE SURVEYS HIS DEBRIS-STREWN RECEPTION ROOM, HIS GOLDEN EYES NOTING EVERY DETAIL...
...EVEN AN ORDINARY PIECE OF CHALK.
A CONCEALED WALL COMPARTMENT YIELDS A POWERFUL "BLACK-LIGHT" PROJECTOR...
...AND PREVIOUSLY INVISIBLE WRITING, IN MONK'S DISTINCTIVE SCRAWL, APPEARS IN THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT.
MONSTERS
GOT
RRRING RRRING
DOC SAVAGE SPEAKING...OH, HELLO, COMMISSIONER.
THEY WERE? PLEASE THANK YOUR MEN FOR THEIR SWIFT WORK.
DOC HURRIES TO AN AIRTIGHT CHAMBER IN HIS LAB, ONE TERMINUS OF A HUGE PNEUMATIC TUNNEL MONK HAS DUBBED "FLEA RUN."
PUMPS HUM AS HE ENTERS A TINY, WELL-PADDED CAPSULE.
A BURST OF COMPRESSED AIR SENDS THE CAPSULE HURTLING THROUGH THE SECRET TUNNEL TOWARD DOC'S WATERFRONT HANGAR.
MINUTES LATER, AUTOMATIC DOORS SLIDE CLOSED BEHIND DOC AS HE PILOTS A SPEEDY AUTOGYRO SKYWARD...
HIDALGO TRADING CO

DEPUTY SCIENCE MINISTER FRIEDRICH VON PARSEVAL!
WHO THE DEVIL--?!
PRECISELY!
MY GUARDS WILL--
THEY WILL DO NOTHING, FOR YOU WILL NOT SUMMON THEM.
SPEAK, MINISTER --TELL ME OF THE MISSION THAT BRINGS YOU TO AMERICA!
Y-YES...
WE WILL BE LANDING SHORTLY, MINIST--
MY GOD! WHO--?
GAAAH!
HELP! INTRUDER-- AAULULPH--!

MEANWHILE, AS THE HUGE SHIP NEARS THE AIRFIELD, ITS CREW PREPARES FOR LANDING, JUST AS IT HAS DONE ON TEN PREVIOUS FLIGHTS...
ALTITUDE 400 FEET, SIR.
PREPARE TO RELEASE HANDLING LINES.
HE'S ENTERING THE SUPER-STRUCTURE!
NO GUNS, YOU FOOL! REMEMBER THE HYDROGEN!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE AUXILIARY CONTROL ROOM IN THE TAIL!
CAPTAIN, THE SHIP IS PITCHING TO THE STERN!
STRANGE...
RELEASE REAR BALLAST.
NYAAAAH!
GLLLLURCH..!

THOUGH THE ZEPPELIN IS NO LONGER THE NOVELTY IT ONCE WAS, A LARGE CROWD IS ON HAND TO CHEER ITS ARRIVAL...
H-HALT OR I'LL--
PUT DOWN THE GUN.
SPECTATORS JOSTLE FOR POSITION NEAR THE MOORING MAST AS THE SHIP MAKES ITS FINAL APPROACH...
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
KA-CHING! SSSSSSS
NONE OF THE ASSEMBLED THRONG NOTICE A BRONZE WRAITH MOVING QUICKLY AND SILENTLY TO JOIN THEM.
FOOL! YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR OWN FATE!

IN AN INSTANT, THE DYING SOLDIER'S SCREAMS ARE DROWNED OUT BY THE SHRIEK OF TWISTING METAL, THE COLLECTIVE GASP OF HUNDREDS OF ONLOOKERS, AND THE CATACLYSMIC ROAR OF FLAMES...
Hindenburg
VAACHOOMPF
AMID THE PANIC-STRICKEN CROWD, DOC SAVAGE WATCHES IN GRIM SILENCE--HIS CONTROLLED FEATURES SCARCELY REFLECT THE HORROR OF THE SCENE BEFORE HIM...
...OR THE FEAR THAT THIS CONFLAGRATION MAY HAVE DESTROYED HIS ONE CHANCE TO FIND HIS MISSING FRIENDS...

TO BE CONTINUED...

AN ICE-COLD STIFF IGNITES
A BURNING RACIAL WAR IN...

THE Shadow

KALUTA · GOSS GIANNI

HELL'S HEAT WAVE

Spilled blood *boils* on the dirty avenues of Gotham.

ON SALE NOW!

DARK HORSE COMICS

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